

## With Daisies in Her Hair by Janaynay

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, I love them so much, They love each other, el deserves a happy life, going through life together, this just came out of no where

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

El had daisies in her hair the first time she said, "I love you."

She has daisies in her hair at other significant moments in her life, too.

## With Daisies in Her Hair

### Author's Note:

Partially inspired by Ed Sheeran's "Hearts Don't Break Round Here." This idea came to me this morning so I just went for it. Also, daisies are my favorite.

She had daisies in her hair the first time she said, "I love you." They were scattered haphazardly throughout her curls, splayed out like a halo around her head, placed there earlier in the day by a giggling 5-year-old with blond pigtails before she was called inside, leaving the two of them alone. They had been cloud gazing, and now they were gazing at each other instead – El counting the freckles sprinkled across his face, Mike memorizing the curve of the dimple at the side of her mouth that appeared when she was focused like this. And then, suddenly, he said it.

"I love you."

It burst out of him like a secret he couldn't contain, fear and wonder in his eyes. Before she knew it, she was saying it back.

"I love you too," she said, eyes mirroring his expression, mouth mirroring his smile, heart mirroring his heart. And then she kissed him, the boy she loved, with daisies in her hair.

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She had daisies in her hair the day she walked across the stage at Hawkins High and got her diploma. They were carefully pinned in place around the loose bun at the back of her neck, pinned with care and cursing by a spirited red headed friend who was bad at this, but willing to do anything for her friend. They were gathered in the auditorium, cap and gowns on, waiting in line for their moment to arrive.

“Dustin Henderson,” the principal announced, to a chorus of cheers and clapping.

El looked down at her gown, around at the room, and down the line behind her at Mike, who was smiling at her so brightly he could be the sun. She felt so proud and loved at that moment she felt she could burst.

“El Hopper,” was read, and she walked across the stage, waving at her dad, who was accepting a tissue from Joyce and cheering louder than anyone in the room. She shook hands, took her diploma, and smiled toward her future, with daisies in her hair.

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She had daisies in her hair the day she married her soulmate. They were braided into a crown and placed with love and care by the woman she had looked up to for years and would soon call “sister.” The ceremony was outside, the aisle a blanket of colourful fall leaves, the wedding party her friends, her found family.

“Are you ready for this, kid?” her dad asked, holding out his arm to her.

El smiled, taking his arm, a deep breath, and a moment to kiss him on his scruffy cheek. She was more ready for this moment than she had been for anything her entire life.

“I’m ready,” she said, and they walked side by side, arm in arm, toward the boy they both loved who was looking at her in that moment like she hung the moon. Jim’s strong arm and slow pace were the only thing that kept El from running, running down the aisle to kiss and marry her best friend and become his wife, with daisies in her hair.

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She had daisies in her hair the day she told him a secret. They had been picked by the chubby hands of their firstborn, who watched with amazement as mommy tucked them behind her ears, transforming into the most beautiful princess before her very eyes. She skipped off to get more flowers, hoping mommy would lend her some of that same magic.

“Let’s have another one,” Mike said, smiling at their daughter as she went.

El looked at him, eyes wide with amusement and bit back a smirk. She searched his eyes for any signs of teasing, but just saw adoration and sincerity. She intertwined her hand with his own.

“Okay,” she said, “maybe in eight and a half months?” She placed his hand on her stomach, delighting in the realization slowly spreading across his face that quickly bloomed into astonished joy. He launched himself at her, kissing her full on the mouth as they tipped backwards onto the picnic blanket, before peppering her face with kisses. She threw her head back and laughed with joy and abandon, so incredibly happy, so in love with her family, with daisies in her hair.

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She had daisies in her hair the day she left them. They had been placed there with the upmost care by the trembling hands of her daughter, woven in the beautiful silvery strands like a halo. They were gathered around her bed, holding her hands, listening to her breathing, telling her it was okay to go.

“We love you mom. Its okay,” they said, and with that she took her last breath.

El looked at peace for the first time in a month. Her family cried, for they would miss her terribly, and tried to find comfort in knowing she was at rest at the end of a good, long life. A life well lived.

“Say hi to dad,” her daughter whispered, kissing El’s forehead. And

they were reunited, side by side, and her broken heart was finally whole. She was not afraid of passing over – he was a lighthouse in the night guiding her safely home. Together forever, with daisies in her hair.

**Author's Note:**

I live for your comments.